

The second part of

stewd pruns, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light these villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was il sorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither mistris Dol.

Pist. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Pist. Ile see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this had to th' infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile also: holde hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captaine Peezell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beseeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Pist. These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæsars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

Host. By my troth captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Pist. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Host. A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what the goodyear do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and sweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & ceteraes, no things?

Falst. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue seene the feuen starres.

Dol.

Henry the

Dol. For Gods sake thrust him do
such a fustian rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe staires
nagges?

Falst. Quaite him downe Bard
ling, nay, and a doe nothing but spe
thing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe st

Pist. What shall we haue incisi
death rocke me a sleepe, abridge m
let grieuons gastly gaping wound
come Atropose I say.

Host. Heres goodly stuffe tow

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee Iacke, I pray th

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile
fore ile be in these terrors and frights
alas, alas, put vp your naked weapo
pons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, th
son little vliant villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurte i'th gr
shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascals drunk
shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me?

Dol. A you sweet little rogue y
sweatst, come let me wipe thy f
chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee,
stor of Troy, woorth fine of Aga
then the nine Worthies, a villaine

Fal. Ah rascally slave! I will tof

Dol. Do and thou darst for thy l
uas thee betweene a payre of shee